

Fallen

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Summary: Dean Ambrose has been going through a lot over the past weeks. His friendship with Roman almost being torn apart, and he has just lost tonight at Wrestle Mania 32. He is sick of everything...sick of feeling like a failure...

1. Chapter 1

Fallen

Chapter 1: Aftermath

He screamed in anguish, punching the nearest wall to him. Dean Ambrose was never one to cry very often, but the way things have been going between him and his best friend, Roman Reigns, it made him want to. And now to top it all off, he lost to Brock Lesnar tonight.

"Damn it all! I should have won that match! But he defeated me..." He slumped down to the floor, burying his head in his hands. He could hear everything from inside, many fans cheering because Brock had won, and many upset because he had lost.

At least he could say that he had survived Suplex City, had went against the beast. He wasn't afraid to fight to him, to go up against him. He didn't care how many suplexes or F5s he had dealt with from him. He was immune to the pain he went through. Hell, he even went back to the wrestling arena to tell Brock he wanted to face him at Wrestle Mania 32, with a neck injury at that.

He was not a stranger to it. He even showed everyone tonight that he liked the pain, by licking the barbed wire on the bat. He never got a chance to use it though, or even the chainsaw.

The hours ticked on as he sat there. When it came time for Roman to wrestle against Triple H, he watched from backstage, silently hoping his friend would win. And he did. He was happy for him. He wasn't

happy though that the crowd was booing him.

He wanted to go out there, to tell those fans that Roman had rightfully earned that champion ship belt, that he was doing this for his family, not just himself. Roman deserved to bask in the glory of winning that belt, not be booed by a bunch of people, whining about how it shouldn't have been him to win that belt.

"Fuck them...Roman fought hard for that belt...He risked everything for it."

He did think it was kinda funny though, how weeks ago their friendship was almost torn apart over that belt. It drove a wedge through them, and during the fight at Fastlane, he did something that he regretted doing. He struck Roman in the back with a chair. He ended up pulling a Seth move on him. And for what? All for the champion ship title.

Despite losing to Roman that night, he still had a thirst for gold. He challenged Triple H to a match for the belt. He could have changed the course of the future at Wrestle Mania. But now, he was glad, relieved that he didn't win that match against Triple H. Because he did not want to drive the wedge even deeper between him and Roman. If he had, blood would have been drawn from both of their bodies tonight.

He was proud of Roman. He felt happy for him, even though inside he was not happy with himself. He felt like a failure, like he would never be able to reach his true potential and be able to prove that he was just as good as Roman and any other wrestler who had won that belt.

He let out a long breath he had been holding, tears still falling down his cheeks. He wanted to go to the Samoan, to hug him, to tell him how happy he was for him, and even more. But he knew that there was still heat between them, and that now was not a good time to go out there and do all of that.

He soon heard footsteps coming his way, and heard a loud voice in the hallway. "Well, well, would you look who it is!"

He knew that annoying voice anywhere. The one person who he had somehow formed a secret friendship with. "Go away, Xavier..." He growled, not wanting to get a headache from the other man.

Xavier, from the tag team, New Day, only smirked. "Aw, don't be like that Ambrose. Don't take your anger out on me. Its not my fault that you are the biggest loser tonight."

Dean let out a groan. "Can you please not bring that up?" He said, not bothering to lift his face up from his hands. He knew that if Xavier kept teasing him like this, that he would end up punching him in the face.

"You know I'm only messing with you." Xavier said, as he ruffled Dean's hair.

"Stop that!" Dean said, as he swatted his hand away. "Xavier, I'll pull a dirty deeds on you if you keep your shit up."

"Hey! What crawled up your ass and died?"

Dean sighed. Xavier knows of what has been going on between him and Roman. Knows how it has been eating away at him. Knows how much he regrets hitting Roman with the chair, wanting that belt, and how he felt like a failure now, felt like he was nothing. "You should know by now. Do I really need to explain everything to you again?"

"I thought you and Superman were talking again? You two sat next to each other at the Hall of Fame yesterday."

"Yeah, but still. Things are still not good between us."

"You two need to start speaking to each other again, act like the couple that we all know." Xavier said, with a big smirk on his face.

"Xavier, we are not in a relationship. As much as I wish it were that way, it won't be. The man's straight. And I must hide the fact that I am gay for him, by being in a relationship with Renee."

"How come you think that you two won't be together? Trust me Dean. The man fucking loves you."

"And you know this, how?"

"I don't need to ask him about it. I can tell by how close you both are. How he is always there to save your ass."

"Yeah, well...I'm tired of him saving me." That was what was also eating away at him. He felt as though he was too weak to fight for himself. Roman would save him millions of times if he was ever in trouble. He appreciated it at first, but now he was growing tired of looking weak to everyone. He didn't need Roman saving him anymore. He had to fight his own battles, fight the demons in mind.

"I don't know what to tell you Dean..." Xavier sighed. "I just don't want to see you push him away. You may not like it, but Roman will always be there to save you, whether you want him to or not."

Dean closed his eyes, knowing that the other man was right. He couldn't stop Roman from saving him, always being there for him. He got up to his feet, turning his back to the other man. "I gotta go Xavier. Thanks for checking up on me."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to the hotel room."

"Aren't you going to go to the celebration?"

"No. I'm too tired. I'll see everyone tomorrow."

"Alright. Oh, and Dean."

"What?"

"Don't hurt yourself, okay? After you told me that you have hurt yourself before, due to your horrible childhood...well...I'm worried that you might end up doing it again, after all that has been going

on."

"Don't worry Xavier...I'll be fine...really. But thanks for caring." He turned his head to look at him, a small smile on his face. "I'm glad that we are friends."

"Me too Dean. Now get back to the hotel and get some rest. You'll need it."

"Okay mom."

"And have a shower. You stink."

Dean only flipped him the finger, as he headed to the door, walking out of the room.

Xavier let out a small chuckle. Soon he was joined by another presence, that had came into the room, sometime during his and Dean's conversation.

"You talked to him?"

"Yeah, I did." Xavier said, turning to Roman Reigns, who wore the belt around his waist. "You need to stop being a coward and talk to him yourself!" He said, poking the Samoan's chest.

"I want to Xavier...But remember...this is Dean we're talking about. He's not good at pouring out his feelings. He closes up whenever we try to talk about something that makes him upset. I rather him talk to me when he's ready to, not force him."

"But how long are you going to wait?! Waiting for him to be ready to talk to you is like waiting for an eternity. You. Need. To. Talk. To. Him."

"Fine. I'll try to. But I can't make any promises."

"Good. Let me know how it goes."

"I will. You know, I heard the part where Dean said he doesn't need me to save him."

"He was talking nonsense. He's not right in the head at this very moment."

Roman glared at him, and hit him over the head.

"Ah! That hurt! What the fuck was that for?" Xavier said, rubbing his head.

"You do not talk about Dean that way."

"You know I don't mean any harm by it, geez. Can't take a joke, can you?"

Roman sighed. "Listen, if Dean really feels that way, then I think its best if I step back and let him handle things by himself."

"Are you crazy?!" Xavier screeched. "Dean is not in the right state of mind right now, and you're going to step back?! The man will end

up getting himself killed with the way he is!"

"You don't think I know that? Listen Xavier, I don't want to do this. I'm scared. It hurts me to let him go, and battle his own demons. But, I know that Dean is not weak. He is strong, I know he is. He needs a chance to prove himself."

"B-but...I don't want to see our buddy get hurt..." Xavier said, some tears falling down his face.

"We can't stop that from happening. But we can try to. I'll still watch over him. Even if I'm not in the same place that he is in."

"So, you're going to be like his guardian angel?"

"If you want to put it that way, then yes. I'll always watch over him. I just need to step back, and let him fight, get stronger. If I keep doing what I'm doing now, he might end up hating me...making him feel like he is living in my shadow, and I don't want him to feel that way anymore."

There was a silence between the both of them. Xavier was the first one to break it. "Well, since you're going to be his guardian angel, I'll be his fairy godmother."

Roman looked at him in disbelief, blinking at him a few times.
"You're kidding, right?"

"No, I'm not. I'm not kidding. I care about Dean just as much as you do, and together me and you will keep watch over him. We'll team up together. You'll be his Guardian Angel, and I'll be his Fairy Godmother." Xavier proclaimed, wrapping an arm around Roman's shoulder, feeling proud of himself.

Roman just brought his hand up to his face, not wanting to comment on what the other man had just said.

"We'll protect him together!"

"Right...I just hope this whole thing works out..." Roman said as he removed the others arm off of him. "Anyways....I better go. I have a party to go to."

"Roman! What about Dean?"

"He'll be there. I know he will." Roman said, as he walked away from Xavier. Even though he heard that Dean said he was going back to the hotel, he hoped that he would be at the celebration. Possibly drinking, trying to clear his thoughts.

"Roman! Wait, Dean is not-" Before Xavier could finish though, he heard the voice of one of his tag team partners behind him.

"What is going on here?" Big E asked, his arms crossed, and looking at Xavier suspiciously.

"Do you mind filling us in on why you were just talking to Roman Reigns of all people." Kofi said, his arms also crossed. He had the same look that Big E had.

"And what's this about Ambrose?"

They both looked at him, each expecting answers.

Xavier scratched the back of his head, sweat dripping down his face.
"Ah...Uh...N-nothing! Nothings going on! J-just have my eyes set...on
the belt he was wearing!"

2. Chapter 2: A Bit of Comfort

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Chapter 2: A Bit of Comfort

After Wrestlemania had ended, Roman was headed to a bar that was nearby. He got a text from one of his cousins, saying to come meet everyone there. He hoped that Dean would be there. He wanted to celebrate with his best friend, the man that he had fallen in love with.

Ever since Seth had betrayed them, him and Dean had gotten closer. Sure, there have been a few fights between them, here and there. But they have pulled through them, and still remained close. At first Roman considered Dean like a brother to him, but now, he was much more than that. He wouldn't admit his feelings for him though. He was too scared of ruining their friendship.

He soon pulled up in front of the bar. He got out of out the car, and headed inside. He was greeted by his cousins, and other wrestlers he had become friends with. Paige, Becky, Dolph Ziggler, Dwayne Johnson aka the Rock, Big Show, John Cena, the Uso twins, and some of the others. They all came up to him, congratulating him for winning the championship title.

He eyes searched the place, looking for someone. But he didn't see him. "Where is Dean?" He asked his cousin Jimmy.

Jimmy who had a glass of alcohol in his hand, looked at him, confused. "I heard he went back to the hotel. I don't know why he didn't come here. He's missing out on a good party."

Renee who was standing nearby, overheard their conversation. "I called him earlier, to see if he was coming. He said he didn't feel like it. He seemed pretty upset about his loss tonight."

Roman set the glass down he was holding onto the table, and stood up. "Where are you going?" Jimmy asked him.

"I'm going to go make sure he's okay."

"I'm sure he's fine. Come on. Don't worry about him. Stay here and celebrate with us."

"I'm not going to leave him alone, Jimmy. I've done enough of that for the past few weeks. I didn't even get a chance to make sure he was okay when he had that injury some weeks ago."

Jimmy sighed, pouring himself another glass of vodka. "Sometimes I

think you're in love with the man."

Roman chuckled to himself quietly, as he walked out the door. "You have no idea Jimmy..."

He had finally made it to the hotel. He headed up to the floor where Dean's room was on, and walked over to it. He knocked on the door. He waited a few minutes before Dean finally answered. Dean gave him a confused look when he saw that Roman was at the door.

"Heyâ€|"

"Hey." Roman responded, smiling at him. "Do you mind if I come in?"

Dean shrugged. "I don't care. Help yourself. Just don't mind the mess."

"Mess? What did you do Dean?" When he walked into the room, he saw what Dean was talking about. The TV was broken; Dean had kicked his foot into the screen, the table was flipped over, a lamp and a few other items lay on the floor.

They both sat on the bed, Dean taking a sip from the bottle of vodka he had. Roman turned to him, not sure what to say about the mess.

"You were angry?"

"Yeahâ€| I was. Still am, but have calmed down a little. Needed to let my frustration out." He said, smiling at Roman slightly. "So, why are you here? I thought you would be with the others celebratingâ€|"

"I was, but you weren't there. It's no fun when you're not there with me."

"I would only make everyone feel down...Congratulations on winning the belt tonight."

"Thanks."

"Your welcome. I think it was bullshit that fans booed you. Don't pay them any attention. You deserve that belt. You fought hard for it."

"Thank you, Dean. That means a lot coming from you. So how are you feeling?"

"Terrible."

"That's not good. I'm sorry you didn't win tonight."

"You don't need to be sorry. It's not your fault I lost, its mine." He took another sip from the bottle. "What did I do wrong Ro? How come I didn't win against him?"

"I don't know Dean...Maybe you focused too much on using the weapons instead."

"Well, how else do you think I could have won against him? He's a big guy, and I wouldn't have stood no chance against him without

those."

"You could have though." He laid a hand on his shoulder. "You're good, strong...without those weapons. You could have done it without them if you had given yourself a chance."

"Hmmph...Well, I really showed how good I am tonight. I lost...at Wrestlemania...I'm such a failure." He said, burying his face into the pillow.

Roman sighed. Dean was putting himself down over this. He shouldn't be. He needed to believe in himself, not consider himself a failure. "Dean?" There was no answer from him.

He laid his hand on his back, rubbing it a little. It must have been sore from tonight. "Dean, talk to me."

"No." Dean muttered into the pillow.

Roman moved his hands up to his face, forcing him to look at him. "Dean...listen to me. You're not a failure. Far from that. You're one of the best that I know. Please don't put yourself down. You are more than what you give yourself credit for."

"But I am! I lose a lot of matches; I need your help almost every time. I can't do anything right Roman. I fuck everything up. But you...You're better than me."

"What makes you think that?"

"You've won the championship belt; you have defeated anyone who has stood in your way."

"Me winning the belt doesn't mean that I am better than you Dean."

"But it does! You've won it. Plenty of times! Me... I have never even come close...Face it Romanâ€|I'm just a complete failure."

"There's something I want you to know."

"What is it?"

"Somedayâ€|when it is my timeâ€|To be inducted into the hall of Fame, if I ever get the chance that isâ€|I want you to be inducted into it with me. I want you to be by my side."

"But what if I don't ever get that chance? What if its only just you?"

"Well, I'll reject it. I won't let myself be inducted if they won't induct you in there with me. Only together, we will. Not alone."

"Yesâ€|together." Dean whispered, nodding his head.

Roman kissed the top of his forehead. Lucky for Dean it was dark in the room, so Roman didn't see the blush that was on his face.

"Well, I better go. Raw is tomorrow, and we got to rest up for it.

I'll see you in the morning."

He stood up, about to leave, but then Dean's voice stopped him in his tracks. "Wait!"

Roman turned around, looking at Dean with a confused expression on his face. His hand clung onto his shirt.

"Don't goâ€œ|Pleaseâ€œ|Stayâ€œ|" Dean said, his eyes pleading with him, and looking as though he was about to cry.

Roman sat back down, wrapping his arms around him, and laying them both down on the bed. He rubbed his hand down Dean's back, while the other was in his hair, trying to comfort him.

"It's okay. I'm here. I won't leave you. I'll stay here with you tonight."

"T-thank you Romanâ€œ|" Dean said, his voice almost about to break. He wrapped his arms around the Samoan's neck, laying his head on his shoulder.

Roman pulled the blanket up, wrapping the both of them in it. He chuckled a little, as Dean tried to get a little more comfortable.

"The beds too small for the both of us."

"I know." Dean said, yawning a bit.

"You sure you want me to sleep with you?"

"Yeah, I'm sure." Dean said, as he laid his head against Roman's chest. "I love you, Ro."

"I love you too, Dean." Roman whispered back to him.

Dean smiled, hearing the soft heartbeat through the other man's chest. Even though Roman did not love him that way, he was still happy to at least be in the other's arms, knowing that he was still his best friend. Tonight would be the first time in a while, that he would get a good night's rest. He drifted off to sleep, feeling warm and safe in Roman's arms.

End
file.